

## CHAPTER I.

Something unusual was going on at division headquarters and the men in the nearest regimental camps, regular and volunteer, were "lined up" along the sentry posts and silently, eagerly watching and waiting. For a week rumor had been rife that orders for a move were coming, and the brigades hailed it with delight. For a month shivering at night in dripping, drenching fogs drifting in from the Pacific, or drilling for hours each day on the bleak slopes of the Presidio heights, they had been praying for something to break the monotony of the routine. They were envious of the comrades who had been shipped to Manila, emulous of those who had stormed Santiago, and would have welcomed with unreasoning enthusiasm any mandate that bore promise of change of scene-or duty. The afternoon was raw and chilly; the wet wind blew salt and strong from the westward sea, and the mist rolled in, thick and fleecy, hiding from view the familiar landmarks of the neighborhood and forcing a display of lamplights in the row of gaudy saloons across the street that bounded the camp ground toward the setting sun, though that invisible luminary was still an hour high and afternoon drill only just over.

Company after company in their campaign hats and flannel shirts, in worn blue trousers and brown canvas leggings, the men had come swinging in from the broad driveways of the beautiful park to the south and, as they passed the tents of the commanding general, even though they kept their heads erect and noses to the front, their wary eyes glanced quickly at the unusual array of saddled horses, of carriages and Concord wagons halted along the curbstone, and noted the number of officers grouped about the gate. Ponchos and overcoat capes were much in evidence on every side as the men broke ranks, scattered to their tents to stow away their dripping arms and belts, and then came streaming out to stare, unrebuked, at headquarters. It was still early in the war days, and, among the volunteers and, indeed, among regiments of the regulars whose ranks were sprinkled with college men who had rubbed shoulders but a few months earlier with certain subalterns, the military line of demarcation was a dead letter when "the boys" were out of sight and hearing of their seniors, and so it happened that when a young officer came hurrying down the pathway that led from the tents of the general to those of the field officers of the Tenth California, he was hailed by more than one group of regulars along whose lines he passed, and, as a rule, the query took the terse, soldierly form of "What's up, Billy?"

The lieutenant nodded affably to several of his fellows of the football field, but his hand crept out from underneath the shrouding cape, palm down, signaling caution. "Orders-some kind," he answered in tones just loud enough to be heard by those rearest him. "Seen the old man anywhere? The general wants him," and, never halting for reply, the youngster hurried on.

lad of 20 who six months earlier was stumbling through the sciences at the great university on the heights beyond the glorious bay, never dreaming of deadlier battle than that in which his pet eleven grappled with the striped team of a rival college. All on a sudden, to the amaze of the elders of the great republic, the tenets and traditions of the past were thrown to the It was a big wall tent backed up against winds and the "Hermit Nation" leaped another of the same size and pattern. the seas and flew at the strongholds of Half a dozen plain chairs, two rough the Spanish colonies. Volunteers sprang | board tables littered with books, paup by the hundred thousand and a reluctant congress accorded a meager addition to the regular army. Many a hanging raincoats, ponchos and a cape college athlete joined the ranks, while or two, comprised all the furniture. In a limited few, gifted with relatives who a stout frame of unplaned wood, cased had both push and "pull," were per- in their oilskins and tightly rolled, mitted to pass a not very exacting examination and join the permanent es- the famous regiment; and back of them, tablishment as second lieutenants forth- well within the second tent, where one with. Counting those commissioned clerk was just lighting a camp lantern, in the regular artillery and infantry, were perched on rough tables a brace of thronging camps back of the great city, The sergeant major, a veteran of years and of these dozen, Billy Gray-"Bellig- of service in the regulars, sat at one of erent Billy," as a tutor dubbed him them. A young soldier, he who had unwhen the war and Billy broke out to- fastened the tent flap to admit Lieut. gether, the latter to the extent of a Gray, was just returning to his seat four-days' absence from all collegiate at the other. Two orderlies lounged on duty-was easily the gem of the lot. a bench well beyond and back of the One of the "brightest minds" in his sergeant major's seat, and a bugler, class, he was one of the laziest; one of with his hands in his pockets, was smokthe quickest and most agile when ing a briar-root pipe at the opposite aroused, he was one of the torpids as back doorway. Woe to the enlisted men a rule. One of the kind who should who sought the presence of the colonel have "gone in for honors," as the fac- or adjutant through any other channel. uity said, he came nearer going out for The sergeant major would drop on him devilment. The only son of a retired with the force of a baseball bat, colonel of the army who had made Caliin camp and field and saddle and knew his class when, sorely against the will of most, they entered the student battalion, he promptly won the highest chevious that could be given in the sophomore year, and, almost as promptly, lost them for "lates" and absences. When the 'varsity was challenged by a neighboring institute to a competitive drill the "scouts" of the former reported that the crack company of the San

Pedros had the snappiest captain they ever saw, and that, with far better material to choose from, and more of it. the 'varsity wouldn't stand a ghost of a show in the eyes of the professional judges unless Billy would "brace up" and "take hold." Billy was willing as Barkis, but the faculty said it would put a premium on laxity to make Billy a 'varsity captain, even though the present incumbents were ready, any of them, to resign in his favor. "Prex" said no in no uncertain terms; the challenge was declined, whereat the rival institute crowed lustily and the thing got into the papers. As a result a select company of student volunteers was formed; its members agreed to drill an hour daily in addition to the prescribed work, provided Billy would "take hold" in earnest, and this was the company that, under his command, swept the boards six weeks later and left San Pedro's contingent an amazed and disgusted crowd. Then Billy went to metaphorical pieces again until the war clouds overspread the land; then like his father's son he girded up his loins, went in for a commission and won. And here he was a "sub" in Uncle Sam's stalwart infantry with three classmates serving under him in the ranks and half a dozen more, either as junior officers or enlisted men, in the camps of the volunteers. He was a handsome boy, a healthy, hearty boy, and, as boys go, rather a good boy-a boy in whom his mother would have found, had she not long since been lifted above the cares of this world, much of comfort and more to condone, but a boy, nevertheless, who had given his old dragoon of & dad many an anxious hour. Now, just as he neared the legal dividing line between youth and years of discretion, Billy Gray had joined the third battalion of his regiment, full of pluck hope and health, full of ambition to make a name for himself in a profession he loved as, except his father, he eertainly loved nothing else, and utterly scoffing the idea that there might come into his life a being for the sake of whose smile he could almost lay down his sword, for he had yet to meet Amy Lawrence.

"Who are the women folks up at headquarters, Billy?" asked a youth of his own years and rank, peering eagerly through the drifting mist at the dim, ghostly outlines of the general's camp

"Didn't get to see 'em. Where's the old man-the colonel?" was the reply. "Chief wants him toot de sweet!"

"What's wanted?" called a voice from the biggest of the neighboring tents, and a close-cropped head was thrust out between the front tent flaps. "That you, Billy? Who wants the colonel? He and the "brig" rode over to the Presidio an hour ago-ain't got back. Come in; I've started a fire in our oil stove." A puff of warm air blew from the interior and confirmed the statement. It was well along in summer, and not a dozen miles away to the east men were strolling about with palm-leaf fans and wilted collars. Here, close to the gray shores of the mighty sea, blankets and overcoats were in demand. Hospitably the older officer tugged at the lacings of the military front door, swore be-He was a bright, cheery, brave-eyed tween his set teeth when the knots, swollen by the wet, withstood his efforts, and then shouted:

"Sergeant major, send somebody here to open this."

A light footstep sounded on the springy board floor, nimble fingers worked a moment at the cords, then the flap was thrown open and the adjutant's office stood partially revealed. pers and smoking tobacco, an oil stove and a cheap clothes rack on which were stood the national and state colors of there must have been a dozen in the field desks with the regimental books.

"Who all are over vonder at the fornia his home, Billy had spent years | chief's?" asked the adjutant, as soon as he had his visitors well inside, and the west as he could never hope to know the soft accent as well as the quaint Haswell. The only natural soldier of phraseology told that in the colonel's turned back to his desk. Mr. Gordon confidential staff officer a southerner

"All the brigade and most regimental | sharply: commanders 'cept ours, 'I should say, and they seem to be waiting for them. Can't we send?" was the answer, as the junior whipped off his campaign hat floors and slowly faced the three offiand sprinkled the floor with the vig-cers. He was slender, well built, erect. to figure out where he gets the four

was who are the women up there?"

are up yonder?' I'm a sub, and s'posed you meant men - soldiers - officers. What have I to do with anybody in petticoats?"

"And I'm a grizzled vet of a dozen -comin'," grinned the adjutant, pullfeet, "and when you're as old as I am the stove is close to my desk." and half as wise, Billy, you'll know that a pretty girl is worth ten times the thought our old frumps of generals dehaven't a mind to waltz over there through the mist and the wind just to this newspaper hullabaloo about our 238 tell them I've sent for Squeers. Then I'll get a look at the girls."

you've no business to-with Mrs. Gerdon and an interesting family to con-

didn't see 'em." "Mrs. Gordon, suh," said the adjutant, with placid superiority, "consider, it a reflection on her sex when I fail to pay it due homage. Of course, you didn't see the ladies. The party was shown into the general's cwn domicile. Couldn't you see how many young fellows were posing in picturesque attitudes in front of it? Awe, Hank!" he suddenly shouted to an officer striding past the tent in dripping mackintosh. 'Goin' up to division headquarters? Just tell the staff or the chief I've sent an orderly galloping after Squeers. He's half way to the Presidio now, but it'll be an hour before they can get back." The silent officer nodded and went on, whereat Gordon made a spring for the entrance and hailed again.

"Say, Hank! Who are the damsels?" The answer came back through the

"People from the east-looking for a runaway. Old gent, pretty daughter, and pretty daughter's pretty cousin. Heard the orders?"

"Damn the orders! They don't touch us. Where do they come from?" "D'rect from Washington, they say.

Three regiments to sail at once, and-"Oh, I know all that!" shouted Gordon, impatiently. "It was all over camp an hour ago! Where do they-the girls-come from? What's their name?

"Wasn't presented," was the sulky reply. "Let a lot of stuffy old women



show up in search of long-lost sons and those fellows at headquarters unload them on us in less than no time, but a brace of pretty girls-! Why, they double the gate guards so that no outsider can so much as see them. Billy, here, knows 'em. Ask him."

By this time the youngster had ranged up alongside the adjutant and was laughingly enjoying the latest arrival's tirade at the expense of the headquarters' staff, but at his closing words Lieut. Billy's grin of amusement sudden left his face, giving way to a lock of blank amaze.

"I know 'em! I haven't been east of the Big Muddy since I was a kid."

"They asked for you, just the same, just after you started. 'Least one of 'em did-for What's-his-name?-the chief military legal adviser, came out bareheaded and called after you, but you were out of hearing. He said the cousin, the prettiest one, recognized you as you skipped away from the general's tent, and pointed you out to her friend. Somebody explained you were running an errand for one of those aids too lazy to go himself, and that you'd be back presently."

"Then go at once, young man," said the adjutant, laying a mighty hand on the junior's square shoulder. "Stand not upon the order of your going, but git! Never you mind about the colonel. He won't be here until after he's been there, and he's in for a rasping over this morning's inspection. Just look at the report, Sergeant major send me Col. Colt's report!" he called aloud, tossing his head back as he spoke. "Come in, Parson, come out of the wet." And, eager enough to read a famous inspector's criticisms of the appearance of the regiment, the officer addressed as Par-

son shoved briskly into the tent. The young soldier who had opened the tent flap a few minutes before came forward with a folded paper which, in silence, he handed the adjutant and took the paper, but his eyes followed the soldier. Then he called, somewhat

"Morton!" The young fellow stopped at the dividing crack between the two tent orous shakes he gave the battered felt. His uniform fitted him trimly and was dollars a weelt he pays me."-Washing-"Have sent," said his entertainer, worn with easy grace, his hands and I ton Star.

briefly, as he filled a pipe from the open | feet were small and slender, his eyes tobacco box and struck a safety match. and hair dark and fine, his features del-"Orderly galloped after him ten min- icate and clear cut, his complexion a utes ago. Blow the brigade and bat- trifle blistered and beaten by the barsh talion commanders! What I asked you winds that whistled in every day from the sea, and, as he turned, all three offi-"No, you didn't! You said 'who all cers were struck by its extreme pallor.

"You're sick again, Morton," said the adjutant, somewhat sternly. thought I told you to see Dr. Heffernan. Have you done so?"

"I-wasn't sick enough," faltered the years' duty, crows' feet and gray hairs young soldier. "I was all right a minute or two-or rather this morning, ing at a long curly mustache and draw- sir. It'll be over presently. Perhaps ing himself up to his full height of six it was the smell of the oil that did it-But Gordon continued to look at him

doubtfully.

"Move your desk across the tent for mand. My name ain't Gordon if I the present, anyhow," said he, "and I'll speak to the doctor myself. With all neglect of the sick," continued he, turning to his friends, "if a man changes "I've got to go back," said Billy, "and color at sight of a smash-up he must be turned over to the Red Cross at once. What is it, orderly?" he finished, sudsider. What tent'd the ladies go to? I denly, as the tent flaps parted and a soldier in complete uniform, girt with his belt of glistening cartridges, stood at salute, some visiting eards in his gloved hand.

"Lieut. Gray here, sir?" was the comprehensive answer. Then, catching sight of the young officer, who stepped quickly forward, he held forth the cards.

"The adjutant general's compliments, sir, and he'd be glad if the lieutenant would come over at once."

Gray took the cards, curiously studied them and then read aloud, one after the other, and placing the topmost underneath the other two as soon as read. "MR. LISPENARD PRIME."

"MISS AMY LAWRENCE." It was the last name that lay uppermost at the end and the Parson noted it

"That's the pretty cousin, Billy," quoth he. "Case of the last thall be first, don't you see? Scoot now, you lucky boy, and tell us all about it later.' But Gray was still gazing dreamily at the cards.

"I'm sure I never met any of them before in my life," said he. "There must be some mistake. Yet-that name sounds familiar-somehow," and "that" was the, only name now in sight. "I'm off," he suddenly announced, and vanished.

There was a sound of light, quick footsteps on the flooring of the rearward tent at the same time. The sergeant major glanced up from his writing; looked at a vacant desk, then at the clock, then, inquiringly, at his regimental deity-the adjutant. It was just the hour of the day at which all manner of papers were coming down from division and brigade headquarters to be duly stamped, noted and stacked up for the colonel's action This was the young clerk Morton's especial function, but Morton had left the office and was gone. [To Be Continued.]

## WICKED-LOOKING WEAPON.

Description of the Mauser Pistol That Is to Be Used by United States Cavalrymen.

"The new Mauser pistol, with which our cavalry is about to be armed, is a horrible looking piece of machinery, said an esthetic sportsman theother day. "It doesn't resemble a firearm at all, but looks like some strange scientific instrument, such as one might see in a laboratory. Imagine a cigar box. japanned black, with a handle at one end and a short tube at the other, and there you have it. The box contains the mechanism and the tube spouts bullets. The cavalryman of the past was a dashing figure. He wore a steel cuirass and a helmet with nodding plumes, and while he carried a brace of pistels in his holsters, his real weapon was his trusty saber. Do you remember the splendid fellows who are galloping past Napoleon in Meissonier's '1807? Since then science has gradually sucked all the poetry out of war and the Mauser pistol is the last work of brutal utilitarianism. The cavalryman of the future will earry nothing but a small black walnut box, and will closely resemble a surgeon going out to operate for appendicitis. When he gets to the right spot, designated by the engineer corps, he will dismount, open the box, take out his hideous Mauser machine. hook the ease to one end, so as to form a shoulder rest, spray a few quarts of projectiles in a given direction and go home again to rest after the fatigue of the fray. If the calculations of the range finder are all right his bullets perforate somebody a mile away. That will be war a la mode. In some respects it is a great improvement on the old style, but it will inspire no poets. Imagine Tennyson writing the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' about a cavalry regiment armed with Mauser automatics."-Chicago Chronicle.

He Got His Sleep. Doctor-I see what the matteris. You do not get sleep enough. Take this prescription to a druggist's. Mr. Blinkers-Thank you. I presume

that's what's the matter. Doctor (next day)-Ah, good-morning! You are looking much better today. Slept last night, didn't you" Mr. Blinkers-Slept like a top. I feel

Doctor-How many doses of that opiate did you take? Mr. Blinkers (in surprise)-I didn't take any. I gave it to the baby .- N. Y.

first rate.

"Got a job?" asked one urchin. "Yes." answered the other, with superiority. "I'm workin' fur a lawyer." "I suppose he'll be takin' you into the arm next."

"Not me. The whole thing is a mystery to me. I don't do a thing but sit on a chair by the door all day and try



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